

Submission for the Matthew Arnold Memorial Prize 2018

*'Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is
the character of perfection as culture conceives it.'*

Eliot, Leavis, Larkin: Permanence and its problems

Motto: *'The pleasure of that madness'*

It is odd that 'culture' should reject the value of 'a having and a resting'. What we call 'our culture' can only be something we already possess or are, or have already achieved: as Arnold puts it, it is 'the best which has been reached in the world'.¹ The opening of Wordsworth's short poem 'Yew-Trees' (1815) seems to confirm this. Its subject is rendered 'magnificent' by the richness of English national culture which it evokes, forging a moment of awe solely out of the facts of the past:

There is a Yew-Tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the Bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's Heaths; or Those that crossed the Sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree!—a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed.²

Its interest is its permanence and continuity: it 'to this day stands single [...] as it stood of yore'. While soldiers crossed borders to die for England, the tree stood still and alone, providing wood for weaponry but otherwise entirely uninvolved. In fact, 'not loth' suggests a deep-set passivity, a lack of intended will: the tree is not an active creator of cultural value, but an expanding store of it, as the events of each year gone by are ringed and contained within its 'vast circumference'.

This presentation of English national culture is not politically neutral. Wordsworth's references to English victories in France would have had a particular resonance for readers in 1815, the year of the Battle of Waterloo, which saw the First French Empire, a new-born state after the Revolution, defeated by a thousand-year-old hereditary monarchy. The poem's valorisation of British permanence can thus be read as a subtle jibe at the French revolutionary betrayal of its past. Indeed, the mature, anti-revolutionary Wordsworth was much influenced by Edmund Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), which criticised the events of 1789-90 by contrasting them to Britain's political continuity, embodied in the spirit of the Glorious Revolution of 1688. This text may even be the source of Wordsworth's nation-as-tree metaphor:

The very idea of the fabrication of a new government, is enough to fill us with disgust and horror. We wished, at the period of the Revolution, and do now wish, to derive all we possess as *an inheritance from our forefathers*. Upon that body and stock of inheritance we have taken care not to inoculate any cyon alien to the nature of the original plant.³

Importantly, however, this continuity is not a source just of political strength but also of cultural richness. If the state lies in a 'condition of unchangeable constancy', finding its basis in something

ancient and permanent, then it will be, for Burke, 'tempered with an awful gravity': 'it carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles'.⁴ This is quite literally a national culture dependent on 'having': the polity, enriched by the trappings of its past, can become accoutred with the ancient grandeur of state property. What emerges is a structure of an 'awful' scale, a cultural sublimity which—like the 'gloom profound' of Wordsworth's tree—affirms its significance by its very aspect.

This model does not, of course, entirely reject the importance of growth and change. It recognises that culture is iteratively expanding, repeatedly grafting new scions of its ancient 'stock' onto itself as it ages. But what the organic metaphor precludes is the introduction of anything truly 'alien' that would meaningfully alter the nature of the whole, and transform it into something different. Indeed, the second part of 'Yew-Trees' describes four yews (which embody the nations of the United Kingdom) as constantly 'growing', but never 'becoming' anything new:

Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,—⁵

'Intertwisted fibres serpentine' suggests the devious, unruly nature of the trees' growth. However, as the same idea is insisted upon using different terms ('intertwisted' and 'serpentine', then 'coiling' and 'convolved'), it becomes clear that the tree can only grow 'up' into a new iteration of the same, 'inveterate' pattern. And what this reveals, I think, is a touch of aesthetic frustration. Wordsworth draws on the extensive resources of the language—'intertwisted' is from the Old English suffix *-twist* (suggesting 'dividing in two'); 'serpentine' is from the Latin *serpens* ('snake'); 'coiling' is from the Middle French *coillir* ('gather', 'pick'); and 'convolved' is from the Latin *volvere* ('twist')—yet all this etymological variation can only twine back together to reproduce a single sense in modern English. The more the poem tries to complicate its own object, the more it coils back in on itself and perpetuates its inherent characteristics. Beneath Wordsworth's poetic expression of Burke's ideas, I mean to suggest, lies a tension between continuity and change, preservation and alteration: a desire to turn away and 'become' something new, but one uncomfortably restrained by a mode of organic permanence.

In this essay, I will explore how the same tension has persisted into twentieth century verse. Beginning with T.S. Eliot, I will show how differing understandings of 'culture'—culture as slowly and organically derived from deep in time, and culture as a radical alteration of what is already possessed—uncomfortably coexist in *The Waste Land* (1922) and in *Four Quartets* (1943). In particular, by looking closely at F.R. Leavis's forceful rebuke of *Four Quartets* in *The Living Principle* (1975), I want to examine the ethical questions which emerge from serious engagement with Eliot's poetics, questions which cast serious doubt over the legitimacy of positing 'a having and a resting' as a cultural ideal. Finally, I will consider two poems by Philip Larkin as an important

contribution to the same debate: Larkinian ambiguity, I will suggest, presents a partial solution to the problems which emerge out of Eliot's engagement with culture. What I hope my discussion will illuminate is not only the continuity—from Burke and Wordsworth, through Arnold, to Eliot, Leavis, and Larkin—of these questions about culture, but also their unresolvedness: the tendency of culture to coil back onto this same thorny issue, and to feel that what it has achieved is never satisfactory. When 'culture' is predicated on 'a having and a resting', I will show, it stubbornly resists 'resting' too long.

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Eliot's 1919 essay, 'Tradition and the Individual Talent', contains his most memorable characterisation of literary culture. The notion that the new poet or artist must 'conform' to the 'monuments' of the past suggests a certain austerity in Eliot's view of creativity: any scion which might alter them must ultimately reinforce some fixed structural coherence, a timeless 'ideal order'.⁶ 'Tradition', as Terry Eagleton puts it, has 'the force of an absolute authority'.⁷ But Eliot's description of how this works is more complex than it is often made out to be:

What happens when a new work of art is created is something that simultaneously happens to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new.⁸

While emphasising order and conformity, this passage simultaneously offers a surprisingly radical, retroactive conception of novelty. For Eliot's object is not merely 'the new', an iterative addition to the old, but, rather surprisingly, 'the really new': that which reorganizes the '*whole*' literary culture which precedes it, as his italics insist, such that the 'monuments' themselves now appear in a different light. His prose, however, is also remarkably balanced: 'altered' is qualified by 'if ever so slightly', and then finds a more tentative synonym, 'readjusted'. It is as if Eliot does not want to offend the 'existing order' by overstating the considerable power of novelty to change it.

The disturbing energies of *The Waste Land* (1922), I believe, dramatically return to these same tensions: between the 'monuments' of the past and the alterations of novelty; between memory, so to speak, and desire. One particular passage from 'What the Thunder Said' is loaded with the frustrated pressure of futurity, and a desire to fell the 'towers' of culture:

Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London

Unreal⁹

The great cities of civilisation—'the existing monuments', as it were, which have sustained Europe's cultural sensibility—are under threat from a reformatory, even revolutionary force (the 'hooded hordes') which might push them aside and create something new: a never-before-seen 'city over the mountains'. Of course, 'cracks and reforms and bursts' prefigure the rainstorm which the entire poem has been waiting for, a newfound fertility which might bring productive growth and change to Eliot's 'heap of broken images': 'what branches grow / Out of this stony rubbish?' (p. 53). A dried-out culture needs to be brought new life. But there are also more destructive forces at play here. 'The violet air' offers not only thunder, but also a sense of the apocalyptic, a kind of meteorological Doomsday; it even suggests the adjectives *violate* and *violent*. Meanwhile, the terms 'crack' and 'burst' may describe how *The Waste Land* itself pulls apart its poetic predecessors: its fragmentary quotations and rhythmic disjunctions dismantle and then rearrange the great texts of the past. Indeed, as the poem ends, the recurring image of 'falling towers' comes to represent the collective crumbling of the Latin, Italian, French, and English canons:

London bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Poi s'ascese nel foco che gli affina

Quando fiam uti chelidon – O swallow swallow

Le prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.¹⁰

This is more than just 'a growing and a becoming', and more than the 'existing order' being merely 'readjusted': what the poem shockingly appears to desire is the destruction and recreation of the very 'monuments' which constitute our cultural history.

And yet, even as they affirm impulsive power of the 'really new', these lines also express an important ambiguity as to whether such destruction could—or should—ever really be performed. 'Swarming / Over endless plains' suggests futility, as if the abstract 'city over the mountains' could never be reached. The present participle, 'swarming', hangs stagnant and directionless at the end of the line, its sense of vital movement immobilised by Eliot's deathly rhythms. Likewise, 'ringed by the flat horizon only' is an image of frustrating containment within limitless space: the poem's forces of destruction, it seems, can crack, reform, and burst as much as they like, but can never break out from desire into fulfilment, from impulse into reality. The poem works, it appears, to restrain the reach its own destructive energies. It is worth mentioning here that Eliot originally intended 'shored against my ruins' to be 'spelt into my ruins': the original figures writing itself as an act of violence against *The Waste Land*'s cultural heritage—turning the 'monuments' of the past into 'ruins'—but its alteration papers over an anxiety about this violence. It insists that something of the past must be maintained, as 'shored against' (playing on *insured against*) imagines the poem's textual 'fragments' as a hotchpotch hoard of secure, cultural assets.¹¹ What is 'really new' should not come at the cost, for the desperate

speaker of these lines, of something older. The end of the poem, in this reading, is thus left in a nervous crisis. 'Hieronymo's mad againe': the canon remains, but in fragmented and unsettled form, subject to a kind of textual violence stuck on loop. And *The Waste Land's* final call for peace, a last-ditch appeal to the most ancient language of civilisation—'shantih shantih shantih'—makes for uneasy reading. It is a foreign word for which Eliot, in his original notes to the poem, could only provide what he called a 'feeble translation': a partial attempt to restabilise the symbolic edifice of human culture, but one which cannot, after the deluge, entirely succeed.¹²

Culture, then, was mired in a profound crisis for Eliot. The ideal of 'a having and a resting'—shoring up a deep tradition of canonical texts—was matched by the energies of destabilisation and destruction, with their fascinating air of modernist newness and fertility. But in the years and decades following *The Waste Land*, Eliot would come to the defence of culture—and English culture in particular—with renewed vigour. He was naturalised as a British citizen, as well as baptised and confirmed as an Anglican, in 1927. He extolled the virtues, in one 1938 article, of living off the land and in the country, in a kind of return to Britain's authentic cultural heartland.¹³ And in *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* (1948), this became a clear echo of Burke's cultural ideal. To 'grow a contemporary culture from the old roots', as Eliot wished to, it was necessary to instil the sense of organic permanence and continuity inherent to Burke's 'original plant': culture, for Eliot, was transmitted through the 'family', and this had to involve 'a piety towards the dead, however obscure, and a solicitude for the unborn, however remote'.¹⁴ Culture became an organic whole, bringing together the past, present, and future.

'East Coker' (1940), which would later be published as the second of Eliot's *Four Quartets* (1943), is his deepest poetic exploration of this view of culture, and it stands, to that extent, in direct opposition to *The Waste Land*. Memory has trumped desire, and Eliot has returned to East Coker, the village from which his family emigrated in the 1660s. And he finds it governed by a mysterious, unified temporality, no longer simply part of the present:

In my beginning is my end. Now the light falls
Across the open field, leaving the deep lane
Shuttered with branches, dark in the afternoon,
Where you lean against a bank while a van passes,
And the deep lane insists on the direction
Into the village, in the electric heat
Hypnotised. In a warm haze the sultry light
Is absorbed, not refracted, by grey stone.
The dahlias sleep in the empty silence.
Wait for the early owl.¹⁵

Eliot's 'now' is deliberately misleading, opening out not onto a particular place and time but onto the slow and complex stretching of time itself. It is still light and yet already 'dark', a late afternoon in which we are waiting for the 'early owl' of morning. 'Hypnotised'—from the Greek *hypnos*

(‘sleep’)—brings these meanings together: using a strikingly modern word, aroused into sharp, momentary relief by his caesura, Eliot seduces East Coker into a waking sleep, vividly evoking the dream-presences of other times and places. Even as a ‘van passes’ and we feel the village’s ‘electric heat’, such touches of the modern are only momentary. The scene cannot help but be ‘absorbed’ into the ‘grey stone’, and feel the inevitable pressure of the ‘deep lane’: the poetry of the present is directed and controlled by structures from deep in the past, measures of time more ancient than cars and electric lights. These visions, however, are extended to their logical conclusion in the lines that follow, as Eliot quotes from his ancestor Sir Thomas Elyot’s *Book of the Governor* (1531). He is imagining a Tudor marriage ceremony taking place before him:¹⁶

Two and two, necessarye coniunction,
Holding eche other by the hand or arm
Whiche betokeneth concorde. [...]
[...] Keeping time,
Keeping the rhythm in their dancing
As in their living of the living seasons
The time of the seasons and the constellations
The time of milking and the time of harvest
The time of the coupling of man and woman
And that of beasts. Feet rising and falling.
Eating and drinking. Dung and death.¹⁷

At first glance, this is a version of a poetry which, like culture itself, could predate and outlast the present. As Eliot keeps time with the ancient rhythms of Elyot’s English, there is a harmonious cultural ‘coniunction’ between present and past. Just as Eliot’s language is ‘absorbed’, so to speak, into the rhythms of an older text, the dancers are ‘absorbed’ into the rhythms of the harvests and of the stars. The present can extend beyond its time, and poetry, for Eliot—evoking those footfalls which echo in the memory—conjoins us to that which lies beyond. This is a view of human culture even more permanent than Burke’s, a most austere extension of the idea of ‘a having and a resting’. Culture is not simply continuous with the monuments of our forefathers, but is imbued with a deeper inheritance: the seemingly timeless, natural structures of the animals, the earth, and the cosmos.

It would be odd, however, if the irresistible finality of these lines—and of ‘dung and death’ in particular—did not make us feel a little uncomfortable. For ‘dung and death’ is not only a realisation of the natural vastness of time beyond ourselves; it is also an expression of pity at human endeavour, painfully reminding us of our smallness as human lifetimes are recycled and lost to the earth, until they are ‘all gone under the hill’.¹⁸ ‘That which is only living’, as Eliot reminds us, ‘can only die’: the force of ‘dung and death’ is to insist on that miserable ‘only’.¹⁹ F.R. Leavis’s *The Living Principle* (1975) goes further than this, passionately attacking *Four Quartets* for a ‘nihilism’ which is ‘antithetically and excludingly non-human’. The distaste expressed in ‘dung and death’, for Leavis, constitutes an ‘unequivocal recoil’ from common, human reality, revealing Eliot’s ‘unqualified

discrediting of experience, life and effort'.²⁰ Faced with the vastness of the timeless realm, man's inherent dignity has been reduced to mere 'dung'. What is implicitly posited here is an ethical duty of poetry: a *responsibility* towards humanity living in the present which Eliot seems to be resisting. And it is this responsibility, I think, which lies at the heart of the debate about culture and its permanence. Leavis insists that Eliot quite literally owes something of his own career to the dancers, the 'rural English populace' themselves:

it was they who created the English language—robust, supple, humanly sensitive and illimitably responsive and receptive—and made possible in due course Shakespeare, Dickens, and the poet of *Four Quartets*. A language is a cultural life, a living creative continuity, and English, remaining English, took into its life the values, perceptions, refinements and possibilities of a complex civilisation.²¹

Among other things, this passage is a Leavisian rewriting of 'Tradition and the Individual Talent'. The importance of permanence and continuity remains; the poet can only write in the context of what has gone before. But added to this is the notion of a 'living creative continuity'. To write is not to become part of a fixed, timeless tradition, but to enrich the language with the particular facts of one's own 'complex civilisation'—the world as it is lived by men and women—such that each new generation adds to and refines its cultural inheritance, altering it for the generation after. Poetry, for Leavis, is an endeavour tied to these changing realities of human life, requiring an 'instinctive flexibility of response' which is alive to 'the living language' of the 'populace'. And in this collaborative model, 'finality is unattainable'.²² It is in this sense, as Leavis goes on to argue, that *Four Quartets* ultimately functions as a disavowal of its own creativity: Eliot 'denies himself the power to recognize the relevance [...] of that created human world on which significance depends, and without which there would be no spiritual problems, no quest and no poet'.²³ Eliot's favouring of the 'timeless' over 'time', his engagement with the finalising rhythms of the non-human world over vital, human reality betrays, for Leavis, culture's 'living creative continuity'. The poetics of permanence, and its discarding of all which is 'only living', fails to do justice to the temporal human effort, the forces of growth and creativity, which keep our culture from falling into timeless torpor.

Perhaps it is right that Leavis is now rarely taken seriously. *The Living Principle* reads like a book written out of emotional distress, even anger at an Eliot who had betrayed his own poetics. We ought not to be surprised that this reactionary thinking should come out with such a narrowing, moralising theory for what literature *ought* to be, in order to cast *Four Quartets* as its opposite. Only a slight step back might have allowed Leavis to reconsider: is 'dung and death' not simply an expression of Eliot's particular—perhaps inhumane, but nonetheless genuinely 'human'—lived experience? Is the source of this 'exclusively non-human' poetry not a certain spiritual tenor of 'human' reality? These objections aside, however, Leavis's critique remains useful, since it reveals a broader line of thinking which, I believe, is central to the tension within the concept of 'culture' itself. What he is, at heart, objecting to is not Eliot's perception of the 'timeless', but his foregrounding of an

abstract, permanent structure—those ‘rhythms’ into which we are all absorbed—over the immediate and ever-altering experience of life in the present moment. He cannot bear that the former effaces the latter. It is the same tension we find, I think—although with different results—in *The Waste Land*, between the ancient ‘monuments’ of the canon and the revolutionary energies which try to reshape them; and even in ‘Yew-Trees’, between the inherent, inveterate pattern of a tree’s growth and Wordsworth’s vain, verbal effort to twist out of it. There a curious vivacity within literary culture, I am trying to suggest, which can never comfortably settle into such unchanging, distant forms. A static ‘having and a resting’ is never good enough. For the discomfort we still feel on hearing Eliot’s ‘dung and death’ is proof that the heart of Leavis’s objection has retained its force: there remains something deeply unacceptable about a version of a cultural permanence unreceptive to the lives of the people who constitute it, one impervious to the forces of growth and change.

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In some ways, Philip Larkin sits uncomfortably with the other writers I have discussed. When Wordsworth visited Lorton Vale and Tintern Abbey, and when Eliot visited the sites of *Four Quartets*, what occurred to them was a rich sense of culture tied to place: a still, sad music or a timeless rhythm, connecting the individual to something beyond himself. What occurs to the Larkinian subject, however, is precisely the loss of such a connection. Left behind in the secular world of ‘Church Going’ (1956), for instance, is a church in its physical manifestation, estranged from the culture that built it: ‘grass, weedy pavement, brambles, buttress, sky, // A shape less recognisable each week, / A purpose more obscure’. Inheritance and continuity can only tell a story of evacuation and decline. And so even at the end of the poem, when the speaker desires to revive that lost culture, there is a curious ambivalence about the real value of the church:

And that much never can be obsolete,
Since someone will forever be surprising
A hunger in himself to be more serious,
And gravitating with it to this ground,
Which, he once heard, was proper to grow wise in,
If only that so many dead lie round.²⁴

The terms upon which the argument of the poem ultimately rests—‘serious’, ‘proper’, and ‘wise’—are conspicuously nonreligious. They suggest respect towards, rather than the reassertion of, old values. For what remains of the old culture is only its dead: the church is a ‘special shell’, hollowed out of meaning in itself, but lent ‘seriousness’ by the fact that it was once meaningful to others.²⁵ ‘Deprivation is for me what daffodils were to Wordsworth’, as Larkin famously once joked. The memories of the past which once furnished the meanings of poetry are gone, and it is through their absence that Larkin must reconstitute something new.²⁶

It is in this process that Larkin proves himself an important voice on the debate about culture which I have been outlining. For in a strange way, the culture missing from ‘Church Going’ is the one

aspired to in *Four Quartets*: we can no longer find that meaningful, Eliotic connection to the timeless rhythms of the deep past, so all that lies round Larkin is 'dung and death', a rotting church and the bodies of the rural folk 'all gone under the hill'. But at his best, what Larkin is able to create from such 'deprivation' is the possibility of regeneration, to transform the remnants of a hollowed-out culture into something new. In 'Church Going', this emerges in a sense of the 'serious', a new mode of engagement with religion; but in 'An Arundel Tomb' (1964), it becomes something far more striking. The setting is the same: the 'bone-riddled ground' of a church in secular times, where the eyes of visitors now 'begin / To look, not read'.²⁷ And as the meanings written into culture are thus slowly lost, the stone effigies of the 'earl and countess' which are the subject of the poem find themselves 'helpless in the hollow of / An unarmorial age': their 'Latin names around the base' have been long forgotten, their sculptor's intentions wholly unappreciated. Yet even in this evacuated, deprived depiction of cultural continuity, there is a powerful myth to be uncovered. The sculptor has decided to depict the couple holding hands—a small gesture, 'just a detail friends would see'—and Larkin's 'sharp tender shock' on noticing this results in the poem's astonishing finale:²⁸

Time has transfigured them into
Untruth. The stone fidelity
They hardly meant has come to be
Their final blazon, and to prove
Our almost-instinct almost true:
What will survive of us is love.²⁹

In the decline of culture lies the possibility of its transformation. 'What will survive of us is love' is, Larkin concedes, only an almost-truth, one made possible by the loss of the intended meanings of the tomb. We wonder how far Larkin's tongue is inside his cheek; how far, even, the word 'untruth' puts the couple's very faithfulness to each other in doubt. But this ambiguity is at the centre of Larkin's creative act: it places him between the old culture and the new, between truth and untruth, understanding and reinterpretation. As the old world declines, what emerges is—scandalously, untrustworthily—the possibility of a newness which, in its betrayal of our cultural heritage, sustains it in a different form. Among the relics of a declining culture, as its meanings depreciate and its followers are buried, Larkin has reinvented its permanence. That a Google search for the phrase "what will survive of us is love" now yields 17,800 results suggests that he succeeded.

In my readings of Wordsworth, Eliot, and Leavis, what I have tried to show is a resistance to the idea of 'a having and a resting', a violent tension in literary culture between permanence and the desire for change and creativity. This is why *The Waste Land* ends on such an unsettled note, able neither to sustain nor to destroy the 'monuments' of the past; and why 'East Coker', with its alienating, all-absorbing, all-finalising timelessness, creates such discomfort. In my readings of 'Church Going' and 'An Arundel Tomb', however, Larkin's uniqueness is perhaps that he addresses the same tensions without perceiving them violently. Man's 'hunger in himself to be more serious' is

a way of returning to a culture whose meanings have disappeared; 'what will survive of us is love' is a statement designed to sustain the culture which it half-betrays. Larkinian creativity does not possess the destructive energy of *The Waste Land* or the aggressively ethical attitude of *The Living Principle*. Something, it seems, has settled within the culture itself. With Larkin, the pressure of our cultural inheritance is no longer felt so strongly; that is what allowed for his particular genius. One cannot help but wonder what has been lost.

¹ Matthew Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), p. 120

² William Wordsworth, *The Major Works* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984), p. 334

³ Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1993), p. 31

⁴ Burke, p. 34

⁵ Wordsworth, p. 335

⁶ T.S. Eliot, *Selected Essays* (London: Faber, 1932), p. 15

⁷ Terry Eagleton, *Literary Theory: An Introduction* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2008)

⁸ Eliot, *Selected Essays*, p. 15

⁹ Eliot, *Collected Poems* (London: Faber, 1974), p. 67

¹⁰ Eliot, *Collected Poems*, p. 69

¹¹ Eliot, *The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript*, ed. by Valerie Eliot (London: Faber and Faber, 1971), p. 81

¹² Eliot, *The Waste Land* (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1922), n433

¹³ Eliot, 'Commentary', *Criterion* 18 (October 1938), pp. 59-60

¹⁴ Eliot, *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* (London: Faber, 1962), p. 53, p. 44

¹⁵ Eliot, *Collected Poems*, p. 184

¹⁶ Sir Thomas Elyot, *The Boke Named the Governour* (1531), bk. I, p. xxi

¹⁷ Eliot, *Collected Poems*, p. 185

¹⁸ Eliot, *Collected Poems*, p. 187

¹⁹ Eliot, *Collected Poems*, p. 181

²⁰ F.R. Leavis, *The Living Principle: English as a Discipline of Thought* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1975), pp. 198-203

²¹ Leavis, p. 197

²² Leavis, p. 49

²³ Leavis, p. 222

²⁴ Philip Larkin, *Collected Poems* (London: Faber, 1988), p. 98

²⁵ Larkin, *Collected Poems*, p. 98

²⁶ Larkin, *Required Writing: Miscellaneous Pieces 1955-1982* (London: Faber, 1983)

²⁷ Larkin, *Collected Poems*, p. 110

²⁸ Larkin, *Collected Poems*, pp. 110-11

²⁹ Larkin, *Collected Poems*, p. 111